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TRUST LEGISLATION.

IN AN ARTICLE in the Indianapolis Sentinel Professor John Bascom of Williams college offers some very sane advice on anti-trust legislation. He takes the stand that for the greater part the present gigantic combinations of capital were made possible only by the removal of foreign competition by a high protective tariff. Says Mr. Bascom:

"The temper of the trust is a malignant one, disregardful of the general welfare in pursuing its own interests. But protection from the beginning has nourished this evil disposition and consecrated it as a political. When, therefore, it culminates in combinations, it is only the flower and fruit of a plant of our own planting. It is only a completion of what we have justified to ourselves from the beginning."

Before any remedial or restrictive legislation is attempted, Mr. Bascom argues, the tariff duties that have made these combinations possible should be cut away. Then when this hot house stimulation has been removed and the effect noted we will be in a position to apply further remedies.

That this is good sound advice cannot be doubted. The difficulty is to follow it. It is a moral certainty that the first step will not be taken within four years. So long as the Hanna government remains in power there is no hope of anything but pro-trust legislation. Every move of that government of late has been the result of the tightening of some trust-pulled string. The army bill, the ship subsidy, the Venezuelan policy, all originated in trust circles. If we had no trusts it is safe to say we would have no imperialism.

The trust question is at present a stupendous one. At the end of four years more of trust coddling it will be an infinitely greater one and infinitely more difficult to cope with. But until that time the hands of the public are practically tied. In the interim it is the duty of every American to inform himself on the subject so that when another presidential election rolls around every voter may be able to cast his ballot intelligently.

RULES FOR HOUSE EMPLOYEES.

SPEAKER GLASMAN delivered some very timely remarks in the house on Friday, when he addressed the employees of the legislature and informed them that they were not living up to the high sphere of duty to which it had pleased the members to call them. There are many little things that the house employees could do to add to the comfort of the law-makers that would doubtless have a highly beneficial effect on the law-making. For instance, Mr. Glasman was unable to bring his valet from Ogden. In consequence he has no one to prepare him for slumber in the evening; change his shirt studs and manipulate his Turkish-towel flesh brush in the morning. This is a hardship which the employees of the house might ameliorate by delegating one of their number to look after the needs of the speaker and get him ready for his stupendous task of gavel wielding.

Mr. Glasman has been delegated a committee of one to prepare rules for the guidance of house employees. The following set is suggested for the "Honorable Bill's" consideration:

"Each employee should provide himself with a feather to keep slumberous members awake during debate.

"A manure should always be at the services of representatives, that all possible polish and brilliancy be given to oratorical gestures.

"Employees should appear at the apartments of all members at or before 10 a. m., with coffee and bromo seltzer, and be prepared to act as valets.

"When a visitor desires to speak with a member it is the duty of the messenger to inform the legislator at once, unless he has good grounds to suspect the visitor of being a collector. In this event it will be the duty of the sergeant-at-arms to lock the visitor in an ante-room until the member has time to escape.

"Telephone calls, especially when the voice is feminine, should be announced at once.

"Tawnying by employees during debate is positively forbidden.

"Employees will see that every desk is supplied with plenty of cloves, peppermints and chewing gum.

"If any member appears in the house with unblackened boots, the employee responsible will be fined a half day's pay and sentenced to laugh at every one of the speaker's jokes or to do other hard labor for a period of two days.

"It is the duty of employees to keep posted on the dates of pugilistic bouts that are to be pulled off and keep members informed."

This is only a hasty compilation, offered merely as a suggestion. Doubtless many important additions will be evolved by the fertile brain of the eminent speaker, and before the session is over the good people of Utah may expect to find in the house a corps of attendants that would do credit to a foreign court.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL.

IN LONDON TRUTH MR. LABOUCHERE makes some plain, practical suggestions to the English government on the advisability of accepting the Nicaraguan canal treaty in its present shape. He argues that it is to the interest of England to have this canal built by the United States. If the United States is willing to undertake the task England should not hinder it by insisting on any claim it may have to meddle under the antiquated Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The English plea for control of the Suez canal becomes, says Mr. Labouchere, an equally good American reason for the control of the Nicaraguan canal.

It is difficult to see how the business judgment of the British can permit them to do other than follow the advice of Mr. Labouchere. The canal cannot but prove of immense advantage to British commerce. Its estimated cost is \$200,000,000. It will take at least ten years to master the immense engineering problems and complete the water-way. The plan of the canal provides for a thirty-five foot depth, with a bottom width of 150 feet. It will begin at Greytown, on the Atlantic side, and be excavated for fifty miles, when the San Juan river is reached. From this point it will follow the San Juan to Lake Nicaragua, through improved river and lake channels to the western shore of the lake, where a cut seventeen miles in length through the continental divide will bring it to the Pacific ocean, at Brito. The entire length of the waterway will be something more than 186 miles.

In addition to the difficulties to be encountered in excavating through the swamp sections between Greytown and the river, the dredging of river and lake channels and the cutting through the continental divide, other engineering problems are presented. There will be needed an immense masonry dam across the mouth of the San Juan river to hold back the waters of the lake and enable the regulation of its level. Near his point it will be necessary to do cutting to a depth of more than 200 feet. Through the swampy section embankments will be necessary to keep out the flood waters of the river. At either outlet a harbor will have to be built.

This is what the United States proposes to do without a penny of expense, to England or any other European nation. The work is admitted to present the most serious engineering problems. All the risk of failure run and all the million of expense will be borne by the United States. The other nations of the world will share equally in the commercial advantages. Surely it is nothing but fair that America should retain control of the waterway and have the right to defend and fortify it in time of war.

THE COMMONER.

THE FIRST NUMBER of William Jennings Bryan's new paper, the Commoner, has been received. Typographically neat and clean-cut, its leading articles are written in the clear, forceful language for which the Nebraskan is noted.

The Commoner makes its bow without apologies to any. Giving Webster's definition of its name as "one of the common people," Mr. Bryan declares the common people as the great money-earning mass of the community, concluding: "The Commoner will be satisfied if, by fidelity to the common people, it proves its right to the name which has been chosen."

All of the articles in the paper are short and to the point. They are mostly confined to comments on the political affairs of the day. Little exchange matter is used. Mr. Bryan's idea seems to be to build up an organ after the manner of Horace Greeley, whose chief strength will rest on the injection into it of the personality of its editor. Such a paper, edited by such a man as Mr. Bryan, should be eminently successful.

The Herald sends greeting to the Commoner, and wishes it every success.

It is very difficult to make some men realize how little they amount to. A west side woman has been forced to have her husband arrested in order to show him that he couldn't run the house.

Many people doubtless read yesterday with pleasurable emotions of the chloroforming of a collector only to awaken to the sad realization that it was not the man that had been poisoning them.

Now that the army bill has finally got through both branches of congress Mr. Hanna thinks there is a wide enough trail cut for him to trundle through his ship subsidy bill.

Discoveries throwing new light on the stone age have been made, which, it is hoped, may result in locating the political remains of the late Thomas B. Reed.

Mr. Nation has not been heard from, but he is doubtless at home smashing dishes in a violent attempt to do the kitchen work.

Many people believe that in wanting to wreck more, Mrs. Nation is a trifle reckless.



THE SKATING GIRL.

Girl of the starlike eyes which flash
As the steel of your blades on gleaming
Ice.
Maid of the rosy cheeks and lips,
Shaped of a cupid's own device,
Fearless you glide and turn and wheel
With a grace and strength but all divine.
Eager your lovers press, unaware,
That you yourself are a
"danger" sign!
—C. S. Pearson.

THE TRUSTS.

Not a SHEAF OF THE FIELD is forgotten.
They have BEATEN THE OLIVE boughs bare,
And the grapes at the press have gone rotten,
Yet the masters have nothing to spare.

They have garnered the fields to the worsting
OF THE WIDOW that gleams for her need,
And their granaries are full to the bursting
With the unrighteous harvest of greed.

While the mould on the vintage is falling,
And the weevil grows fat on the grain,
They heed not the cries of those calling
For the succor to silence their pain.

And woo to the STRANGER wayfarer,
Who craves of their bounty a bed,
For they take his last garment of wearing,
As a PLEDGE for the rest of his head.

They give of their riches no portion,
And naught from their fingers let fall,
But they take from the poor with extortion,
Until they have gotten their all.

—DEAN RICE.

WOMAN WHO PASSED AS A MAN FOR YEARS

Murray Hall of 145 Sixth avenue, the politician who, as discovered only after her death, was a woman, was buried yesterday afternoon in Mount Olivet cemetery at Newtown, L. I. There were only two mourners. One was Mrs. Henry Meyers, whose husband has a cigar store at 109 West Tenth street, just around the corner from Murray Hall's employment agency. The other mourner was Imelda Hall, who until Murray's death believed that Murray Hall was her father. The undertaker had put a woman's dress on the body. The coffin plate was engraved: "Murray Hamilton Hall, aged 70 years; died Jan. 16, 1901."

Just how many of the seventy years Murray Hall masqueraded as a man has not been learned yet. Half a dozen persons were found on the west side of the city who had known her for thirty years as a man. It had been her request that no one but the daughter should know where she was to be buried and also that a grave should be bought as cheaply as possible. She did not believe in wasting money in funerals. Two years ago she went to the sexton of Grace church and said: "My wife is dead and I want to ship her remains to her old home in Waterville, Me., but I don't want the cost to be over \$50 all told. The undertaker's bill was \$60.30. Murray Hall wanted her own funeral to be equally cheap. So it was in accordance with her wishes that the adopted daughter purchased a grave for \$12 yesterday. As the coffin was lowered into the grave Mrs. Meyers sprinkled a handful of earth upon it. That was the only ceremony.

After the funeral Mrs. Meyers assisted Imelda Hall to pack up the household goods. The girl will move out of the Sixth avenue house as soon as possible. After she got home she learned that Murray Hall, who posed as her father, had really been married to the woman who posed as her mother, and that the marriage occurred in this city. The marriage of Murray Hamilton Hall and Miss Cecilia Florence Lowe took place on Dec. 21, 1872, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in Mercer street. The record is on file at the bureau of vital statistics.

Another thing that came out yesterday was that Cecilia Florence Lowe was a medical student, prevented only by illness from graduating as an M. D., and that she died, like Murray Hall, of cancer. She was born in that part of Fairfield, Me., known as Shawmut, then as Somerset Mills. She was the daughter of Wilson Lowe, and was educated in the schools of her native town and at the Waterville, Me., Liberal Institute. She began the study of medicine with the late Dr. N. R. Boutelle of Waterville. After two years' study with Dr. Boutelle, Miss Lowe went to Boston, Baltimore and New York, where she studied in such colleges as then admitted women, as well as in the leading hospitals. In 1871, hard work and study had so undermined her health that she was obliged to give up her studies and return to her home a short time before she was to have been graduated with the degree

of M. D. In Boston she became acquainted with Hall, who began a correspondence with her as soon as she had returned to her home. Later Murray Hall visited the home of Miss Lowe and passed some time there. In the summer of 1872 she went again and remained for some time, being looked upon as an eccentric character by the townfolk.

To the Lowe family she represented herself to be a Scotch nobleman and told them that she had been deprived of her estates and title in the "old country," but that she had learned the nature and misery of such a life, and would soon have all restored again and would be in possession of a fabulous sum of money. The family of Miss Lowe were much opposed to the marriage. Mrs. Waterville, Me., yesterday, Mrs. Robert T. Hobbs, a sister of Mrs. Hall, said to a Sun reporter that Hall's jealous nature and miserly ways as well as general ugliness, made the life of Mrs. Hall a hard one. Frequently her folks asked her to leave Hall and return to her home, but she was caused by one of the house, the key to which was always in Hall's possession. At the time of Mrs. Hall's last illness, which was a few days before she was again called to New York to find that Mrs. Hall was dead and that her body had been shipped by express to Maine. Murray Hall did not accompany the body as it was the wish of Mrs. Hall that she should not do so. Mrs. Hall was buried in the family lot in Pine Grove cemetery, Waterville.

The family of Mrs. Hall were most bitter in their feelings toward Hall. Mrs. Hobbs related instances when Mrs. Hall had been subjected to abuse by her husband. One time while on a visit to Mrs. Hall in New York Mrs. Hobbs wished Mrs. Hall to return home with her, to which Hall objected. Upon Mrs. Hall's insisting that she would go, Hall got a revolver and rushed her off to another room. There Mrs. Hall promised, on bended knees not to go, and told Mrs. Hobbs that she didn't desire to leave the house for fear of her husband.

Mrs. Hobbs was asked if she had ever been told by her sister that Hall was a woman, or if any of her family knew it, to which she said:

"Never, until we read in the newspapers of Hall's death and the discovery that she was a woman. It was a shock to me. I think it was from fear of Hall that my sister never told us about it. He had a remarkable power over her and that must have been why she never spoke of it, unless her pride prevented her from doing it."

In regard to any estate left by Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hobbs said that all that she left to Hall was \$1,000 cash in a savings bank in New York, with several years' interest, besides some personal property of hers which Hall had locked up. The adopted daughter of Hall is a complete mystery to the Hobbs family, and all declare that they know nothing of her or who her people are. The family of Mrs. Hall, the Maine reporter says, is an old and highly respected one, and Mrs. Hall was looked

on as being one of the brightest young women in Maine in her early life.

Murray Hall seems to have made her mark in the sporting world. She attended the baseball games on the old polo grounds, visited the local racetracks and saw many of the big prize-fights. Her favorite amusements were card-playing, pool and billiards. But she was particularly fond of prize-fights and was in the habit of telling her fellow members of the west side political clubs that she would have been a pugilist if she had weighed enough. Of course the persons to whom she said this believed her to be a man.

John C. Hackett of the Tammany Hall general committee, one of the lieutenants of Peter F. Dooley, the Tammany leader of the nineteenth assembly district, said yesterday that he had known Murray Hall many years.

"Hall," he said, "was considerable money betting on himself in billiards and pool games. I consider myself as good a pool player as there is on the upper west side, but Hall frequently beat me. But he was an awful kicker. He growled every time he made a poor shot, and swore like a trooper. I remember the last time I played pool with him we had a bet of \$100."

Jack Lyman's pool parlor in Eighth avenue, Hall had been losing every game. As he continued to make poor shots he became ugly and quarrelsome. I finally threw down my cue and said: "See here, Hall, if you were not a little runt I'd punch you." He said I wasn't strong enough to do it and that made me angry.

We swore at each other and he finally friends interfered, and we resumed the game, Hall saying, "I'll play you one more for \$10 a side." Pretty soon he picked up a billiard cue and threatened to strike me. I took the cue from him.

Then I refused to play the game to a finish. We went out and had a drink and parted friends. It's hardly possible to believe he was a woman. Why he went to the Union-Lyman fight in Boston with a crowd of the boys and bet his money on Lyman. Jack Lyman lost the fight. All the way home Hall growled over his loss of the bet he had made. But he spent money freely and kept busy buying drinks for the crowd until they got back to town two days. Come to think of it, Hall left the crowd one night up there and did not tell them where he had been. When he got back they jollied him and asked him if he had been off to see his best girl. I met him at the Coney Island Athletic club when Gus Ruhlin fought Tom Sharkey, and I also saw him at the Broadway Athletic club on a number of occasions. He was at the Belmont-West fight in March, 1897. I think he lost \$200 on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson City. I don't know whether he went there to see the fight, but I think he did. One thing is certain, he described it as well as anyone who did see it. But he was at almost all of the fights that occurred at the Coney Island Athletic club, and he was at the bike races at Madison Square garden a few years ago, for I went there with him.

On another source it was learned that Murray Hall got tipsy with a crowd who attended the Sharkey-Ruhlin fight at Coney Island in June, 1898. When the fight was over the crowd paid visits to the concert hall and finally some one suggested that all hands take a midnight bath in the surf.

Murray Hall refused to go. He said he had a horror of being drowned, and was too old a man to learn how to swim.

A Hat Story on Senator Cockrell.

(Washington Letter.)

"Boy, get my hat," called Senator Cockrell to a page the other day. In a few moments the lad returned with a hat.

"That is not mine," stated the veteran statesman.

"It is the only one there, sir. There has been a mix-up. Senator Clay is looking for his hat now. I guess this is his. I'll take it back."

"Did I understand you to say that this was the only hat in the cloak-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Senator Clay has none?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I guess this will do me as well as any," remarked the senator as he made his exit from the chamber.

The hat covered Senator Cockrell's head almost to the ears, but he walked along unmindful of his appearance. Senator Clay borrowed a little derby from the sergeant-at-arms and went home in a cab.

New Form of Strategy.

(Omaha World-Herald.)

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Old Sport

SENT KEARNS
AFTER THE
SENATORSHIP.

BY JOEL L. PRIEST.



"HINGS IS comin' swift, John; they are comin' some swift," said the Old Sport, huskily. "I suppose you remember that but a few feedin' days ago, as the pot-sold, some fellows just off the range hits this town an' holds a convention. Maybe you remembers seein' me in my regalia, prepared special for the occasion."

"Oh, I remembers, all right enough," answered Johnny. "I also remembers somethin' that probably don't occur to you. It's the time to 'ol the tail end of the show when you come in here with a lot of dead gamblers an' interlopin' 'em as the only red-headed hippopotamus ever born in captivity. An' then you tried to lasso me with a clothesline you was



Lippman, the Workingman's Friend.

carryin' over your left shoulder."

"Did I do that, shore?" asked the Old Sport, with every evidence of astonishment. "To tell you straight, John, I ain't right next to the plays I'm makin' about that time. But I'm startin' in to relate how swift things is comin'. Here I waken up the other mornin' feelin' like I been in the discard about a week. I hits my bottle a jolt an' ambles down on the street."

"First thing that happens is a lad comes up to me an' says: 'Well, Sport, how do you like him?' 'Like who?' I says. 'Why, our new senator, Tom Kearns, he says. That's the first I've knowed of it, although I was tellin' you some weeks ago, John. Tom had a mortal cinch. It ain't been three weeks since I tells John Astor he had better come get in the wagon. I never much thought John'd ride with us, but he shore done it."

"It's dern funny about this senatorial business, John. Less'n a month ago there's any number of wise guys tells me Tom ain't got any more chance ag'in Orange Salisbury than a four flush ag'in aces up. They figured that he wouldn't be as good as 'finaly, my brethren'. But times is changed and people changes with 'em. It's hard to find a man in the real push that wasn't him when they done."

"They're all tellin' me what they done for him an' how he would of lost his head if he hadn't backed his play. Now there ain't no doubt about my loyalty. I didn't take Tom back last June an' an interloper him to the Republican rally? Didn't I keep his chair in your's open when it was proper to copper? Didn't

THE COW-MAN'S HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

Sherlock Holmes Himself Could Not Show a Keener Eye.

"Speaking of the habit of observation," remarked the old cowboy man just home from a six month trip to Oklahoma, "I don't believe Sherlock Holmes himself could beat the average Texas cowboy in his keenness of vision, his keenness of hearing, his keenness of smell, or even his keenness of touch. While down there, I frequently had occasion to take long trips overland, and I was forced to make my route. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of cow country, and I may use the term, and notice some of the things I saw. Right here I want to say that they are the most hospitable lot I ever met. Strike up any camp on the range, or on the drive or at the ranch and you'll find a bunch of cowboys, and they'll make you as comfortable as a bed, board or bottle, just as long as you'll stay."

Voluntarily of their close observation and good memory struck my attention on a drive I took from Santa Anita to Lampasas in company with a cowboy named Jim. He had a seat with me in the stage. We were a couple of cowboys riding in the hills who rode long side and asked if we'd seen anything unusual along the route. Probably I'd seen them, but they made no impression on my memory and I was about to say "No," when my cow friend spoke up and said: "Well, about two miles back we passed four head of three steer yearlings and a 2-year-old heifer branded J. T. on the left hip."

"That's them all right," responded the cowboy and off they galloped with assurance of successful search ahead of them.

Another time it was horses the riders were hunting. A bay mare and dun colt branded pot-hooks bar and two geldings, one roan, the other a sorrel, branded O. K. and a chert-dasher circle, respectively answered the description given by a fellow traveler, which for the life of me I could never have given. Just some horses browsing on the road side was all I saw, gender, color nor brand made any impression on my mind whatever. In fact, the pot-hooks and chert-dasher were so much like the others to me and I couldn't have told what they were even had I seen them.

"One day on another trip up in the neighborhood of Texuana, which from the spelling, no one would ever suspect its being pronounced Texas, an old fellow on foot stopped the stage and asked if we'd seen any hogs back yonder? Now all hogs, like chimpanzees and corn, look alike to me, no matter when or where I may see them."

"The bunch of pigs we'd passed out on the post-cak flat about half an hour before were in my memory just a lot of pigs crunching acorns and apparently having a very good time of it. Another surprise. A long, lean, leather-legged fellow dismounted and he spurred heels from aloft somersaulting and leaping through the window drawn over I seen a passed 'er shorts, bout a dozen 'em, back yonder on the flat to the side the creek. Some of 'em is got a crop and under the right ear, and some is got a fork in their, their rest on 'em's over bit an under slope in left. Bout a dozen 'em all told, all of 'em shoats; reckon them yours."

"They're ourn!" was the rejoinder and the stage moved on, leaving me richer in hog lore, and wondering how the dickens that sleepy looking fellow saw so much out of the corner of his eye.

"The habit of the observation of

I show him it was better to pull his hand close up to his vest at times."

"I tell you, Tom remembers all these things. Why, I'm the boy that put it into his neck to go after this senatorship. I ain't seen him yet, but when I does he's goin' to fall on me neck an' tell me that any time I wants the rollers put under Artie Thomas, under Artie the rollers goes. Not that I particular wants Artie, but I want to see him. I got with Tom an' if he does shove Artie you'll know who done it. There's others, too, but I ain't tippin' my hand."

"What rises me is to think the boys settled it whilst I'm dead to the world. Judge by Johnny, John, an' not meanin' to say nothin' invidious, I had a idee that it took about sixty-odd days to wind up a senatorial fight. Therefore I figures that I've got plenty of time to recuperate before I goes out to wise Tom up. It seems that Joe Lippman done that job of wisin', however."

"Joe tells me he worked the labor crowd hard. Never havin' down no laborin' to speak of, Joe's perfectly competent to make that kind of play. He tells the legislators that Tom's the friend of the laborin' man. He says Tom'll show his interest in the horny-handed just as soon as he gets his chair in the senate warmed. He'll do it by interlopin' a bill an' foreign its adoption."

"This here bill will provide for the diggin' of a immense canal. It will start in at the Atlantic ocean an' it won't be done until the last drop of dirt is taken out of the Pacific side. In this way the laborer will get all kinds of good government work, an' if the ditch is dug at the proper point, it'll make Alaska an island an' give Tom a chance to laugh at his villainous detractors. This is the story Joe tells me, an' it's wint' out big. Ain't it strange how many things a man'll swallow besides his flicker?"

"I'm going to Washington to see Tom after he hits the senate. I'd kinder like to see him rumple old man Vest up in a debate. Says Tom will do a elegant sufficiency to Morgan an' Vest an' Joe Blackburn an' Fred Dubois. Chancy Depew better not rile him, either. Some says he ain't got no polish. Maybe, he ain't, but he's got the polish the polish off of some of them other lads if they

gets into a buttin' match with him. I've got to go."

"At this point a gentleman wearing enough checks to start a bank came in hurriedly and spoke to the old cowboy. A look startled pleasure spread itself over the old man's face. 'What'd I tell you, John,' he exclaimed. 'Things is shore comin' bunched. The lad here tells me Brick's started a new idee table. I bids you farewell, for I got a idee I'm some strong today with the hole card.'

"Says I to Johnny—"

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